

Laura Green. 11 Nov<sup>r</sup> 1838.

My dear Son,

This I wrote in preparation, to be sent off  
on the receipt of the forthcoming letter from you.

At this distance, and not well versed in such  
questions, I could have no definite reply to make to  
your letter of the 1<sup>st</sup>. Having read it with great  
interest, I waited for more information. You, together  
with your friends, must judge if going as a common  
apprentice in a first rate manufactory is the most  
eligible for you. I feel obliged to Mr<sup>r</sup> Pendleton for his  
advice. What would be the premium on a common  
apprentice? — you have said nothing of that.

I have written to Harry at the request of  
James. Though I have said nothing more to her about  
returning to my house, you need not apprehend that she  
and you will be living with me together; for I have  
told James that I wish no more than one at a time.  
Throughout this late disastrous affair, from the first false  
step, she has proved the truth of my old assertion, which  
you could never accede to, that she is sadly deficient in  
common sense. I have done the utmost in my power  
for her, especially in the propagation of her brother's, and  
in that I completely succeeded. I can do no more, but  
practise patience and prudence to her now, as the only  
means of retrieving her fault; and such was the burden  
of my letter to her, which was sent yesterday. Yet I  
also said much against any notion on her part of a  
further acquaintance with that Dudley, — a convicted liar,

not only to her, but in what he stated to James.

Latest news is that the Traders will be off to the town at Christmas. Miss Trader does not want a slave. Your young friend Falter has been dismissed by Forger for want of standards and many irregularities, — very, something worse than those. I have of course only heard Forger's story; but from that it appears the lad is plunging himself into misfortune, owing to idle company and to a disregard for truth. I am sorry for it.

I wrote to you stating the last voyage of the Brunswick according to advertisement. Capt<sup>r</sup> Howell says she is already laid up in Portsmouth for the winter, where she is, not here, to be lengthened six feet. The Sir J<sup>r</sup> Drake does not go; but the Irish Steamers are advertised as usual from London to Plymouth. I told you I wished you to come by land; however, you may do as you please, as the autumn gales seem to have spent themselves, and Capt<sup>r</sup> Howell declares he thinks there is no danger.

If not inconvenient, see Mr<sup>r</sup> L. Hunt before you leave town. Yesterday morning he had a letter from me with an article on the emperor Paul. I want to know his opinion of it, and what he thinks of doing with it. Make him write; and then give my remanents etc.

I cannot discover which article I was particularly to send in the Morning Chronicle you sent.

Should you see Mr<sup>r</sup> G Richards, beg him from me to keep an eye on the new Pictorial Shakespeare; for I have a suspicion the editor is making use of my volume. If so, — acknowledged or unacknowledged?

Our West of England Mag is improving. In the third number my Bolando Gunnarote looks stately. We have had admirable lectures on law and iron at our

Institution. When I learn that Mr. Sullivan (not Sullivan) has returned to Ashford, I intend to write to him. Mr. Soltan is elected Mayor; I delivered your message to Mrs. Soltan, when she chanced to pay me a visit. I have given an evening opera to our neighbours, including Misses Jane and Margaret Penfolds. - The other two were prevented from coming; talkative Jane was dumb as a fish the whole of the evening, much to the surprise of all of us. I must soon invite the same persons, who are rather dull, and very sickly; - I have met them at the Howells'.

By your account I scarcely expect your letter to-night. However, I shall go to Plymouth with this for an immediate answer; when, if necessary, I shall add a postscript.

Your affectionate father,  
Chas. Brown.

13<sup>th</sup> Nov<sup>r</sup>. I thought you had calculated badly. On this evening, I found your letters at the post. I have a suspicion that one of my letters, wherein I mentioned the Brunswick, and my disinclination to your return by sea, has miscarried, owing to my having paid the postage; so, I shall leave the postage of this to you. I shall be happy to see H. Hunt. Give my best rem<sup>r</sup>ances to Mr. & Mrs. Sullivan, and to Tom, - if I must call her by that un-feminine name. I don't see your prosperity in so clear a light as yourself; but no one, of course, can wish it more certain. Hoping, for the best news, I remain,  
at Dryer's shop. Your affectionate father,  
Chas. Brown.

H. B. No dogs permitted at Lairs.

W. Carolina Brown,  
Adj'tant Surgeon  
Philadelph.  
near ~~the~~ Middle ~~Seas~~  
~~near the ~~Seas~~~~

St. Paul's

